

KILL IMAGE



Epitaphs...

Hart Fisher
Writer/Cover
Joe Duncan
Penciler
Grunt and
Jerry Folley
Inks
Damon Threet
Art Director

Hey kiddies, welcome to my parlor. I've set aside some treats for you and your little friends. Come in, take a bite... yes, that's it. Just a little closer.

Gotcha, you greasy little fanboy motherfucker!

Ha, Ha Heyeahhahahah! Welcome to the funhouse where the giggling sounds like breaking glass.

I've been reading about the Holy Trinity of Image for over a year now and I'm sick of it. Here's the goods as I see 'em: Jim is a talented artist that's sold out his talent, he's a pandering whore. Todd is a super hero artist who's doing what he does best, drawing super heroes. So what if he's an illiterate schmuck, he's the first to admit it. Rob can suck a rock out of my ass. I don't know how this no talent putz got anywhere, **who'd he blow?**

This book has been called "Hateful and devoid of all humor." People have risen to the defense of the holy Todd because he's really, really nice. Todd your legion of fanboys love you. No one, I mean no one, has raised a finger about Rob's depiction. They love it.

Why do a Kill Image book at all ? Isn't already being done to death? Are you just another follower? I love spoofs. I grew up on Mad magazine, Everyone who has gone after Image has done it without any real gusto. they were after the safe buck. The spoof books I've seen were weak, they were afraid to go for the jugular like a good satire should. Take no prisoners.

So if you're some simpering pasny sniffing about the harsh thrashing his/her heroes have taken, grow the hell up. This is just a comic boook. If someone did a character assassination book called "Kill Hart Fisher" I wouldn't get all bent out of shape about it, I'd probably dig it.

Who am I kidding, I'd love it.

Hart D. Fisher

Renegade Publisher.

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WHATTA YOU MEAN COMIC SHOPS HAVE BEEN PUTTING PRESSURE ON YOU TO TRIM DOWN THE NUMBER OF BOOKS YOU OFFER?! IF THEY DON'T WANT TO BUY IT, THEY DON'T BUY IT! I'M NOT YELLING... IMAGE?... WHAT DO THOSE SPANDEX FETISHISTS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING? UH, HUH.



...YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING. MARBLE COMICS IS GOING TO ADD **SEVENTY** NEW TITLES TO IT'S UNIVERSE TO WIPE OUT THE COMPETITION, MAINLY IMAGE.

...DOOMED IN THE LONG RUN SAVING ME THE PAIN OF A LONG, DRAWN OUT DEATH? LISTEN ASSHOLE, I'M NOT IN THIS TO MAKE MILLIONS, I WANT PEOPLE TO ACTUALLY **READ** MY BOOKS...

CLICK!

SUNUVABITCH!

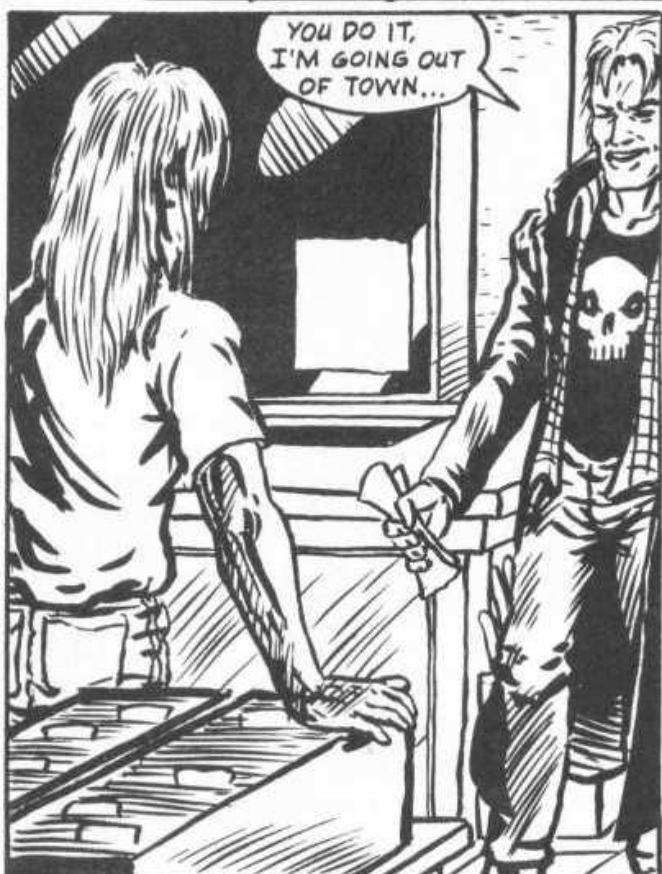
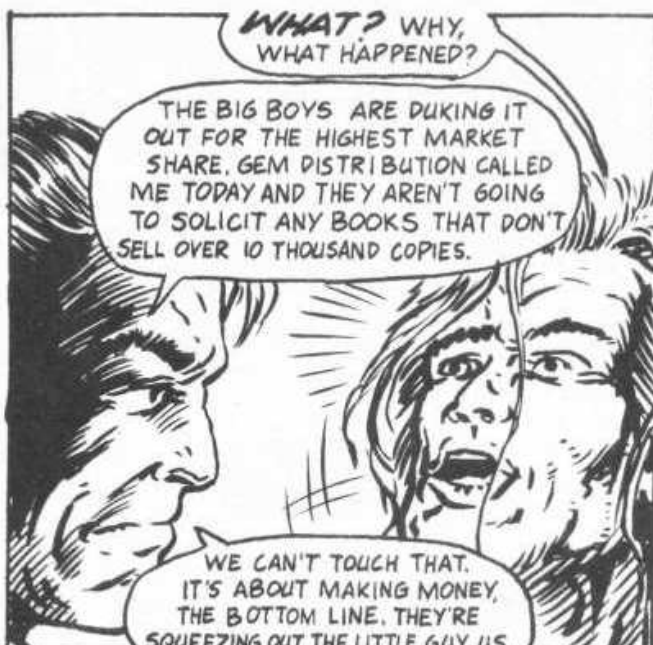
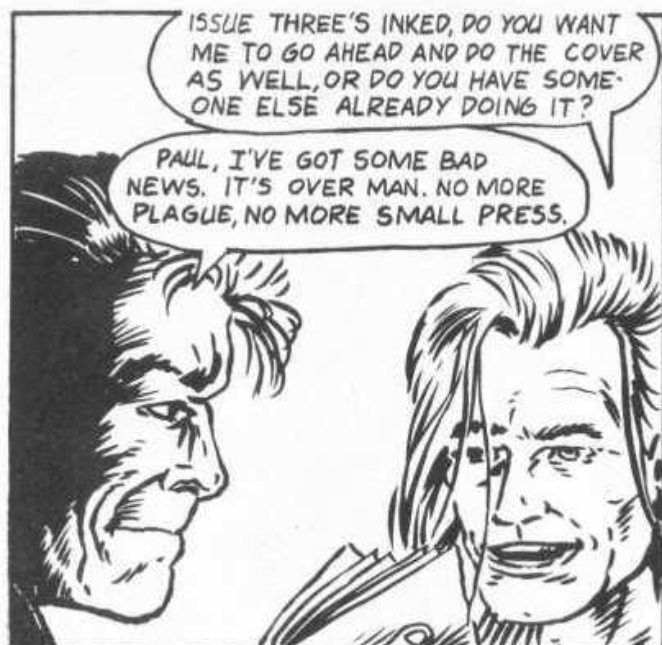


...GOTTA GO DOWN TO THE COMIC SHOP AND TELL THE GUYS THE BAD NEWS.





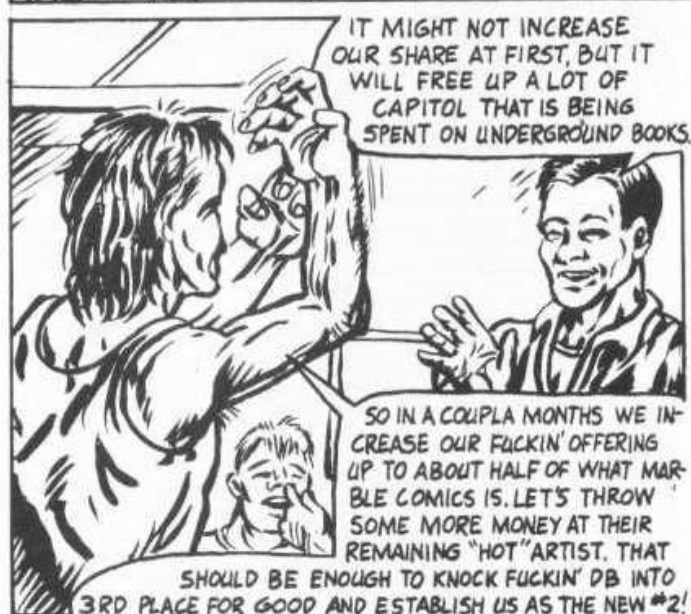






MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.











MY FANS LOVE ME. HECK, I REMEMBER ONE TIME THEY TRAPPED ME IN A BATHROOM STALL AT THE SAN DIEGO CON. ONE EVEN ASKED ME IF HE COULD SLIP AN ISSUE UNDER THE DOOR FOR ME TO SIGN. NOW **THAT'S** A FAN.





PLEASE, DON'T
SHOOT. I'LL GIVE
YOU ANYTHING...
YOUR OWN MINI-
SERIES, **NO**, YOUR
OWN SUPER TEAM...

HOW
ABOUT HER.

YOU WANT HER,
SHE'S **YOURS**, JUST
DON'T SHOOT ME.

ROBBIE
NO!

BLAM!







ROB, I THINK
YOUR FLY'S
UNBUTTONED.



...SORRY KID, IT'S
JUST A HOLE IN
YOUR PANTS.

JIMANTOBB!
JIMANDTOBB!
DEY DIB IB!



...W-WHY
ME...
W-W-W-WHY?

WHY? I'M **SICK** OF PRODUCT SHOVED DOWN
MY THROAT. I'M **SICK** OF INFANTILE FAN BOYS
RULING THE MARKET BECAUSE **THEY'VE** GOT
THE MONEY. **BECAUSE I'M A JEALOUS,
SICK, FUCK!** ME AND THIS LITTLE
GUN ARE GOING TO SHAKE THINGS UP WITH
IRRATIONAL ACTS OF VIOLENCE.



YOU'RE AS BAD
AS MARBLE, CREATING
EMPTY, SOULLESS
CHARACTERS, STEP-
PING ON CREATORS
THAT AREN'T PART
OF **YOUR** COMPANY
STABLE.

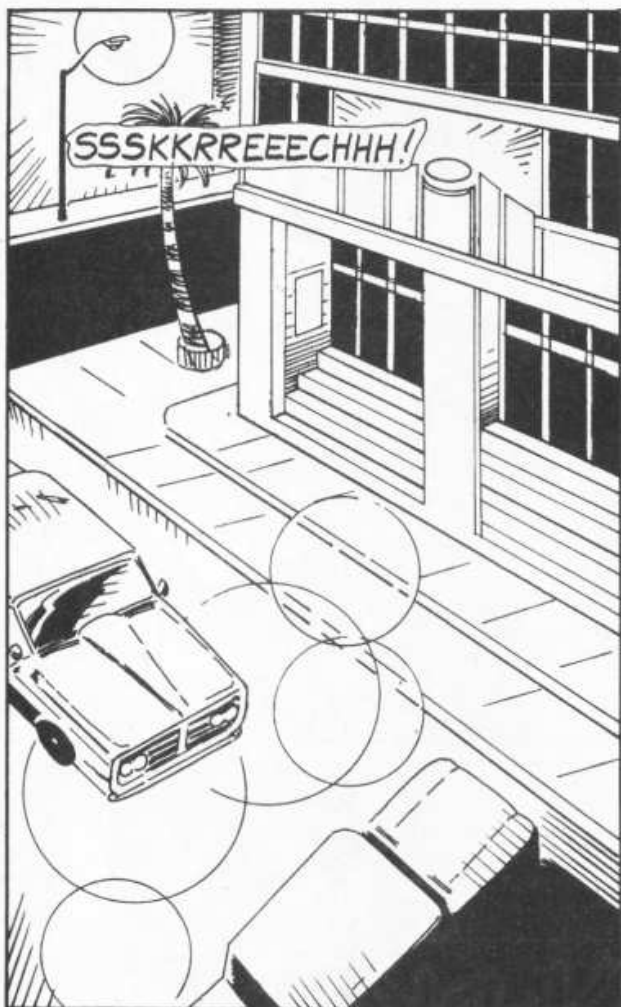


I'D LIKE TO STICK AROUND
AND SEE WHETHER YOU'LL DROWN
OR BLEED TO DEATH, BUT I'VE GOT
SOME FALSE IDOLS TO BRING
DOWN.









THE INDIES WOULDN'T JUST GIVE UP THEIR SLICE OF THE PIE...UNLESS, UNLESS NO ONE COULD SOLICIT THEIR BOOKS ANYMORE.



ISN'T THAT GREAT? YOU BUMP EVERYONE ASIDE AND STEAL THEIR MARKET SHARE?



WE CAN ORDER CHINESE AND DISCUSS THIS... ULP.



YOU LEFT THE VIGILANTE BOOK TO MAKE MORE MONEY ON THE MUTANT SHIT. YOU SHAFTED MARBLE TO START A NEW COMPANY WITH MALIBUM. YOU TAKE GOBS OF MALIBUM'S MONEY TO START OUT AND THEN SHAFT THEM. FOR MORE MONEY. HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH? DOES EVERYONE HAVE TO READ YOUR BOOK? ARE YOU THAT FUCKING GREEDY?

IF YOUR BOTTOM LINE IS MONEY THEN JUST ADMIT IT, DON'T CLOAK IT BEHIND CREATOR'S RIGHTS. YOU WANNA BE MARBLE, AND YOU WANT EVERYONE TO PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS, RIGHT?







C'MERE GOLDEN BOY,
WHERE'S THAT **WAD**?
YOU'RE ALWAYS PACKING?
RON TOLD ME ABOUT IT,
WHERE IS IT?



AHA!



THIRTY GRAND OUTTA BE
ENOUGH TO GET ME TO
NEW YORK.



THE END?



A RALLYING CRY TO THE FAITHFUL -3

It's close to 2 am. I sit in the depths of the boneyard listening to David Bærwald's **Triage** album...and I smile to myself. It's all starting to pay, the sweat, anxiety, and ritual killings. Every month we bite off a bigger chunk of the market share. We drag another innocent into **our** world. The quality of our books grows in leaps and bounds, each book better than the last, literally.

On July 16th, 1993, we start principal photography on Boneyard Press's first film. It's called **The Garbage Man**. It's the first film about a black serial killer. It's written and directed by myself, cinematography by Rob Gibson, and will be edited by Bill Yukich. We will take no prisoners.

Teams are for playing games, Boneyard Press functions as a work crew. We're a gritty bunch made up of bouncers at seedy rock clubs, ex-professional wrestlers, skip tracers, tattoo artists, martial arts instructors and leg breakers. We've got a very personal and private motto at Boneyard Press- **Walk it like you talk it**. We don't fuck around. We pick our targets take them down. The shadows are our home, we own them. Period. If you're looking for unflinching, no punches pulled story telling, then this is the place.

In the past two Rallying Cries I've talked about the big guys and their mutant status quo, about gimmicks and true value for your buck. I asked you to flex your economic muscle and close ranks. I asked you to spread the fear, because word of mouth is our best asset. Well you've flexed and shown your fangs. Things are getting better slowly. It's not over. This is a constant, day to day, struggle for our survival. This is my life. I don't do anything else but this, I quit my side jobs. We need you to keep on pounding the beat, wear our competition down. You've got to keep pounding on your retailer's door to carry more of our work. This isn't an in-out military procedure. This is guerilla warfare baby, and it's never over. On October 4th, we go back to court in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to fight the ban on the **Jeffrey Dahmer: an unauthorized biography of a serial kiler** comic. If you truly want your freedom you have to fight for it tooth and nail.

Your store owners order their books two months in advance. Reserve your copies now **NOW**, or they won't be there next to whatever hologram, gold plated turd of the month, your **supposed** to buy. You have to raise your voice and make your demands heard. If the retailer doesn't smell any money he won't climb into bed. They aren't known for daring and courage in the face of new marketing strategies.

Here is a schedule of upcoming books. Hunt them down.

June-Kill Image (Fisher & Duncan), Outlaw Nation **July**-Kill Marvel (Fisher & Duncan), Flowers on the Razor Wire, Fetish (Long & Onli) **August**-Bill the Bull: Burnt Cain (graphic novel by Fisher & Rouleau), Dead Man Walking (graphic novel by Yukich, Burwell & Bradstreet) Brandon Lee: Taken Too Soon (Sallee), Baphory: Countess of Blood (Brian Moore jumps ship.)

JEFFREY DAHMER
IS OUT OF PRISON
WITH A FEW DAYS
TO KILL... AND A
LOT OF PEOPLE-

THEN HE MET
JESUS CHRIST,
AND BOY WAS
CHRIST PISSED.

DAHMER'S ZOMBIE
SQUAD
AND
JEFFREY DAHMER VS.
JESUS CHRIST



AVAILIABLE RIGHT FUCKING NOW



Bill the Bull: Burnt Cain

Bill Parchem is 300 lbs of horned fury, a halfman/half bull freak with a taste for the rough stuff. He and his partner, Nicholas Stone, are thugs for hire in Chicago's criminal underground. What starts out as a simple missing person's search turns into a nasty bloodbath that takes you from Chicago's gold coast to it's darkest ghetto nightmares.

By Hart D. Fisher and
Duncan Rouleau.

#1-3, \$2.50 each.

"One of the best books
I've read in years."

-Larry Stanley
Pacific comics update



Dark Angel: Death Dreams

He came from the suburbs of Chicago, hacking and slashing in his quest for souls. His name is Johnathan Gabriel, and some would call him a serial killer.

Written by
Hart D. Fisher
\$2.50

"...Ruthless..." - Tim Vigil

"...it's sick." - Vincent Locke



Boneyard Press

On sale in May, 1993.

Reserve your copies *Now*.

WINEYARD PRESS



*Listen to
us scream...*

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Mature Readers